

I fear a riot
I fear a storm
I fear an underling
I fear underhanded
I fear a game of pinochle
I fear a loose disciple
I fear a methodist performer
I fear a minister
I fear a sneak
I fear poison
I fear a drugstore around the corner
I fear troubled waters
I fear double potions
I fear double troubles
I fear the forces of God
I fear the forgery of God
I fear the armed forces
I fear God
I fear uncivilization
I fear a lie

— Alfred Starr Hamilton

Montclair NJ

TEST TUBE BABY

Wild Turkey 101, Peppermint Schnapps, 1/2 & 1/2

They couldn't have been
of woman born, standing
in the bar among the hordes
as if dropped to earth
from an alien ship without
a guide or a map.
Totally clueless doesn't quite
cover how far out of it
they were, trying to decide
which brand of Root Beer
they wanted to order next.
I almost felt sorry for what
would happen if they hung out for
more than one drink.
Jerking them around wouldn't
even be fun but I would be
honor bound to do so if he
tried that stale Root Beer line
on me again. He'd wish they'd
never let him out of that Lab
on Uranus when I was finished
with him. He might even reapply
for special admission.